



Jacqueline of Golden River

by Victor Rousseau

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CHAPTER XIX—Continued.

I went to Jacqueline and took my seat upon the earth bag barricade. I had my revolver in my hand, but it was not loaded. I threw the cartridges upon the floor.

It seemed only a few minutes before a voice hailed me from the tunnel. "Paul Hewlett," said Leroux, "you have made a good fight, but you are done for. I offer you terms."

"What terms?" I asked. "The same as before. I can afford to let you go; for, though my instincts cry out loudly for your death, I am a business man, and I can suppress them when it has to be done. In brief, M. Hewlett, you can go when you choose."

"M. Leroux," I answered, "I will say something to you for your own sake, and Mme. d'Epemay's, that I would not delin to say to any other man. She is as pure as the best woman in the land. I found her wandering in the street. I saved her from the assault of your hired ruffians. I gave up my own apartment to her and went away. Do you believe what I have said to you?"

He looked hard into my face. "Yes," he said simply. "And it makes all the difference in the world to me."

"Pere Antoine will marry you?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied. "And her father?"

"Is safe in the chateau, playing with his wheel and amassing a fortune in his dreams."

"One more word," I continued. "Mme. d'Epemay is very ill. She was struck by one of those bullets that you fired through the door. Wait!" for he had started. "I think that she will live. The wound cannot have pierced a vital part. But we must be very gentle in moving her. You had better bring the sleigh here, and you and I will lift her into it. And then—I shall not see her again."

CHAPTER XX.

Leroux's Dilemma.

I went back toward the cave. But I could not bring myself to see Jacqueline.

I had reached the verge of the cataract and stood beside the little platform, looking down. I gazed in awe at the great stream of water, sending its ceaseless current down into the troubled lake below.

And then I saw Lacroix. He was peering after me from among the rocks, and as I turned he was scuttling away into the tunnel.

I followed him hotly; but he must have known every fissure in the cliff, for he vanished before my eyes, apparently through the solid rock, and when I reached the place of his disappearance I could find no sign of any passage there.

And at that moment I heard Leroux's voice hailing me, and looked round to see him emerge from the tunnel at my side. He was staring in bewilderment at the cataract.

"By Heaven, Hewlett, I don't know what possessed me to take the wrong turn tonight," he swore. "I have come through that tunnel a hundred times and never missed the path before."

He swung round petulantly, and at that moment a shadow glided out of the darkness and stood in front of him. It was Pierre Caribou, lean, sinewy and old. He blocked the path and faced Leroux in silence.

Leroux looked at him, and an oath broke from his lips as he read the other's purpose upon his face. Squaring his mighty shoulders and clenching his fists, he leaped at him headlong.

Pierre stepped quietly aside, and Simon measured his full length within the tunnel. But, when he had scrambled to his feet with a bellowing challenge, Pierre was in front of him again.

"What are you here for?" roared Leroux, but in a quivering voice that did not sound like his own. "Get out of the way or I'll smash your face!" The Indian still blocked the passage. "Your time come now, Simon. All finish now," he answered.

"You come here one, two year ago," Pierre continued. "You eat up home of M. Duchaine, my master. Old M. Duchaine my master, too. I belong here. You eat up all, come back, eat up some more. Then you sell Mile. Jacqueline to Louis d'Epemay. You made her run 'way to New York. I ask your dable when your time come. Your dable he say wait. I wait. Mile. Jacqueline come back. I ask your dable again. He say wait some more. Now your dable tell me he send you here tonight because your time come, and all finish now."

The face that Simon turned on me was not in the least like his own. It

was that of a hopeless man who knows that everything he had prized is lost. He had never covered before anyone in his life, I think, but he covered now before Pierre Caribou.

Then a roar burst from Leroux's lips, and he flung himself upon the Indian in the same desperate way as I had experienced, and in an instant the two men were struggling at the edge of the platform.

They bent and swayed, and now Leroux was forcing Pierre's head and shoulders backward by the weight of his bull's body. But the Indian's sinews, toughened by years of toll to steel, held fast; and just as Leroux, confident of victory, shifted his feet and inclined forward, Pierre changed his grasp and caught him by the throat.

Leroux's face blackened and his eyes started out. His great chest heaved, and he tore impotently at his enemy's strong fingers that were shutting out air and light and consciousness. They rocked and swayed; then, with a last convulsive effort, Leroux swung Pierre off his feet, raised him high in the air, and tried to dash his body against the projecting rock at the tunnel's mouth.

But still the Indian's fingers held, and as his consciousness began to fade Leroux staggered and slipped; and with a neighing whine that burst from his constricted throat, a shriek that pierced the torrent's roar, he slid down the cataract, Pierre locked in his arms.

I cried out in horror, but leaned forward, fascinated by the dreadful spectacle. I saw the bodies glide down the straight jet of water, as a boy might slide down a column of steel, and plunge into the black caldron beneath, around whose edge stood the mocking and fantastic figures of ice. The seething lake tossed them high into the air, and the second cataract caught them and flung them back toward the Old Angel.

At last they slid down into the depths of the dark lake, to lie forever



Faced Leroux in Silence.

there in that embrace. And still the cataracts played on, sounding their loud, triumphant, never-ending tune.

I was running down the tunnel again. I was running to Jacqueline, but something diverted me. It was the face of Lacroix, peering at me from among the crevices of the rocks with the same evil smile. I knew from the look on it that he had seen all and had been infinitely pleased thereby.

I caught at him; I wanted to get my hands on him and strangle him, too, and fling him down, and stamp his features out of human semblance. But he eluded me and darted back into the cliff.

I caught him near the entrance and held him fast.

He struggled in my grasp and screamed.

"Let me go!" he howled. "Ah, you will repent it! Monsieur, let me go! I will give you a half-share in the gold. What do you want with me?"

What did I want? I did not know. It must have been the same instinct that leads one to stamp upon a noxious insect. I think it was his joy in the hideous spectacle beneath the cataract that had made me long to kill him.

But now a dreadful fear was dawning on me.

"Jacqueline!" I screamed.

"I have not seen her," he replied.

"Now let me go! Ah, mon Dieu, will you never let me go? It is too late!"

Suddenly he grew calm.

"It is too late," he said in a monot-

onous voice. "You have killed both of us!"

And, with the sweat still on his forehead, he stood looking maliciously at me.

"If you had let me go," he said "you would have died just as you are going to die."

I saw the face of the cliff quiver. I saw an immense rock, half-way up leap into the air and seem to hang there; then the ground was upheaved beneath my feet, and with a frightful roar the rocky walls swayed and fell together.

And the rivulet became a cataract that surged over me and filled my ears with tumult and sealed my eyes with sleep.

CHAPTER XXI.

The End of the Chateau. Darkness impenetrable about me and a thick air that I breathed with great gasps that hardly brought relief to my choking throat. And a voice out of the darkness crying ceaselessly in my ears:

"Help me! Help me!"

I raked myself and tried to struggle to my feet. I found that I could move my limbs freely. I tried to rise upon my knees, but the roof struck my head. I stretched my arms out, and I touched the wall on either side of me.

I must have been stunned by the concussion of the landslide. By a miracle I had not been struck.

"Help me! Help me!"

I tried to find the voice. I crawled three feet toward it, and the wall stopped me. But the voice was there. It came from under the wall. I felt about me in the darkness, and my hand touched something damp. I whipped it back in horror. It was the face of a man.

There was only the face. Where the body and limbs ought to have been was only rock. The face was on my side of a wall of rock, pinning down the body that lay outstretched beyond.

I recognized the voice now. It was that of Philippe Lacroix.

"Ah, mon Dieu! Help me. Help me!"

He continued to repeat the words in every conceivable tone, and his suffering was pitiable. I felt one hand come through the tiny opening in the wall and grasp at me.

"Who is it?" he mumbled. "Is that you, Hewlett? For God's sake, kill me!"

I crouched beside him, but I did not know what to say or do. I could only wait there, that he might not die alone.

"Give me a knife!" he mumbled again; clutching at me. "A knife, Hewlett! Don't leave me to die like this! Bring Pere Antoine and my mother. I want to tell her—to tell her—"

He muttered in his delirium until his voice died away. I thought that he would never speak again. But presently he seemed to revive again to the consciousness of his surroundings.

"Are you with me, Hewlett?" he whispered.

I placed my hand in his, and he clutched at it with feverish force.

"You will have the gold, Hewlett," he muttered, apparently ignorant that I, too, was a prisoner and in hardly better plight. "I tried to kill you, Hewlett. Are you going to leave me to die alone in the dark now?"

"No," I answered. "It doesn't matter, Lacroix." And, really, it did not matter.

"I wanted to kill you," his voice rambled on. "Lacroix is dead. I watched him die. I thought if—you died, too, no one but I would know the secret of the gold. I tried to murder you. I blew up the tunnel!"

He paused, and I heard him gasp for breath. His fingers clutched at my coat sleeve again and hooped themselves round mine like claws of steel.

"I had a knife—once," he resumed, relapsing into his delirium; "but I left it behind me and the police got it. Isn't it odd, Leroux," he rambled on, "that one always leaves something behind when one has killed a man? But the newspapers made no mention about the knife. You didn't know he was dead, did you, Leroux, for all your cleverness, until that fool Hewlett left that paper upon the table? You knew enough to send me to jail, but you didn't know that it was I who killed him. Help me!" He screamed horribly. "He is here, looking at me!"

"There is nobody here, Philippe," I said, trying to soothe his agony of soul. What a poor and stained soul it was, traveling into the next world alone! "There is nobody but me, Philippe!"

"You lie!" he raved. "Louis is here! He has come for me! He deserved to die. He tricked me after we had found the gold. He tricked me twice. He told Leroux, thinking that he would win his gratitude and get free from the man's power. And the second time he told Carson. Then there were three of us in the secret."

"What did you do?" I asked, though it was like conducting a post-mortem upon a murderer's corpse.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Our Country's Birth.

Our country's independence dates from July 4, 1776, because the United States then declared its independence, and from that day on has maintained it. Great Britain acknowledged the independence of the United States by a preliminary treaty of peace dated November 30, 1782, and by the final or definite treaty dated September 3, 1783. This treaty was ratified by the continental congress January 14, 1784.

Rubbing It In.

"For heaven's sake, don't try to tell that man a talking machine."

"Why not?"

"He has been married twice."



If you were busy being kind, Before you knew it you would find You'd soon forget to think 'twas true That someone was unkind to you.

If you were busy being glad And cheering people who are sad, Although your heart might ache a bit You'd soon forget to notice it.

SOME FAVORITE DISHES.

This time of the year is filled with such sunshiny days, and even warm ones, that it is well to keep to the lighter foods and simple repasts until the first chilly days which give the appetite a zest and vigor.

The oyster now has come again to his own and is served fresh, preferably, though in a stew, fried, creamed or escalloped will always be popular with many.

Creamed Fresh Beef.—Chop one pound of beef from the round; put into a hot pan and stir until all is seared. Add one tablespoonful of butter and, as soon as it is melted, dredge the beef with one tablespoonful of flour; stir until the flour is browned. Add one cupful of cream, boil up, season with salt and pepper and serve on hot toast.

Delmonico Hash.—Take a pound of finely chopped meat from the top of the round, put it into a hot frying pan with two tablespoonfuls of butter, one small shredded onion and cook until the beef is nicely browned; add one-half cupful of hot water; or, better, soup stock, and eight chopped potatoes, previously cooked. Season with salt, paprika and chopped parsley.

Cheese and Olive Canapes.—Cut stale bread into one-quarter-inch slices. Shape with a small oblong cutter with rounded corners. Cream butter and add an equal quantity of soft, rich cheese; season with salt. Spread on the bread and garnish with one-quarter-inch border of finely chopped olives and a piece of red and green pepper cut in fancy shapes in the center of each.

Moravian Apple Pie.—Core and pare six even-sized apples. Place in a covered pan, with a teaspoonful of lemon juice, a little of the yellow rind, a cupful of sugar and water enough to cover the bottom of the dish. Stew until tender. Line a deep pastry plate with rich pastry; place the apples in it, fill the centers with peach marmalade and put strips of pastry over the top. Bake in a quick oven and serve with cream.

Russel Sandwiches.—Take an equal amount of cold boiled chicken and tongue, a dozen olives and six hard-cooked eggs; mix all together and chop as fine as possible. Work into a paste by the addition of mayonnaise dressing, then season and spread on buttered bread.

"To judge with candor and speak no wrong, The feeble to support against the strong, To soothe the wretched and the poor to feed, Will cover many an idle, foolish deed."

THE SEASONABLE WORD.

In the autumn, when there is such an abundance of vegetables, the frugal housewife will provide for winter, when there is less of a choice.

Olive Oil Pickles.—Take 100 small cucumbers sliced thin, leaving on the peeling, three pints of small onions also sliced thin, three ounces of white mustard seed, one ounce of celery seed, one ounce of white pepper, two scant cupfuls of olive oil. Add one and two-thirds cupfuls of salt, and add to the cucumbers; let stand three hours. Let the sliced onions stand in cold water three hours. Drain well, and mix the onions and cucumbers with the oil and the spices. Put into jars, and fill the jars with good vinegar. Keep in a cold place. Good in ten days.

Corn Relish.—Cut corn from twelve ears, chop one small head of cabbage, sprinkle salt over the cabbage, mix well and let stand three hours. Drain off the water and put corn and cabbage together; add one cupful of sugar, two quarts of vinegar, one-half cupful of mustard, four small red peppers chopped. Cook all until tender, then put into sterile cans and seal.

Piccalilli.—Take two gallons of green tomatoes chopped fine, eight large onions also chopped, three quarts of vinegar, six tablespoonfuls of mustard seed, one tablespoonful each of cloves, allspice and mace, one tablespoonful of celery seed and two pounds of granulated sugar. Let the tomatoes and onions stand over night, sprinkled with salt; drain in the morning and mix with the spices and boil until tender.

Mint Vinegar.—Put into a quart jar enough fresh mint, carefully washed and dried, to fill it loosely, fill up with vinegar and let stand well covered for three weeks. Strain, bottle and cork, and the flavored vinegar will keep for years. Tarragon, chervil or any other herb may be used in the same manner.

Mushrooms make fine catsup. Arrange in layers in salt and let stand over night. Drain and cook with spices as one's taste desires.

Nellie Maxwell

Rich and Warm for Winter



The Fashion Show, which is more correctly called a style promenade, is an established institution now. Garments for all the seasons, spring, summer, autumn and winter make their debut at these promenades, when practiced and keen eyes pass upon their merits and the acid tests of the buyers send them on their way to success—or relegate them to oblivion. New fabrics, new silhouettes, new style features have their tryouts at these promenades and the questions, as to what is to be presented to the public, are settled by those who seem to have an intuition in the matter of coming fashions.

Two striking garments that challenged comparisons at a recent style promenade in New York, are shown above. They invite attention to new style features that have made a success and have an assured future. Wool velvet, which goes by several names, with fur for trimming, is the fabric used in them and their lines indicate what is acceptable to American women. At the left of the picture there is a handsome top coat in a very dark gray with cross-bars in white, which is a new adventure in velvet coatings. A photograph cannot convey the smartness and richness of this material, but it sets forth plainly the style of the luxurious and practical garment. It has a wide muffler collar and deep cuffs of caracul fur and a narrow belt of the velvet that buttons at the sides in the most nonchalant manner. Aside from the interest that centers in the novelty of the material used in this coat, the wide, bias band of the goods which appears to be buttoned around the front of it about eight inches above the bottom, seized the attention of spectators and was credited with being a fine bit of cleverness in designing.

Paris took kindly to tailored suits this season and has furnished us with models that have a distinctly French flavor. They are less plain and less simple than the usual American creations and certain of our own designers have adopted the French ideas. But Paris decreed the very short skirt and America rejected it, and for once Paris changed its decree. We agree on longer skirts and two-third length coats and have a fine example of these features in the velvet suit shown at the right of the picture. It is at least reminiscent of the Russian blouse, having all the verve and style of that persistent inspiration.

Fine Feathers Are Back



The powers that be in the world of millinery have made a league in favor of feathers for trimming winter hats. Having decided that the midwinter hat should be characteristic of the midwinter season and bear little resemblance to its predecessors for fall, the designers have evidently settled on feathers as the great feature of the styles. Ostrich has come back and endless wings, cockades and fancy feathers are fluttering across the millinery horizon.

Ostrich, curled and uncurled, reappears to such advantage that we all wonder how fashion could ever have banished it. Yet it was absent for several seasons. Soft quills and long sprays of artificial aligrettes sweep and swirl about brims. There is a great vogue for shaggy, razged effects, with coque feathers and burnt goose in turbulent, unsymmetrical arrangement about brims and crowns. Then there are single long feathers and the most brilliant and precise wings to contradict what seems the careless placing of the scraggy feathers. It will take a season to tell all the story of feathers.

Most sure of welcome from many quarters are the beautifully made wings and montures like those shown

Julia Bottomley